52 Tavistock Square,
London,
W.C.1.

Telephone: Museum 2621

Wednesday

My dear Harold,

I was more than angelic of you to send me an early copy of your book. It is now half past ten: Leonard is saying we must go to bed; but I must scribble a line in case to say how absolutely delightful I think it — how I laughed out loud to myself again — & cried. Get at the same time its rather different to a book when it makes one fumble in ones own inside. I was again. I can't make out how you combine the advantages of fact & fiction as you do. I am also jealous — I can't help it — that all these things should have happened to you, not to me. And also, for some ~~[illegible]~~ reason I feel profoundly — mysteriously shy. What this arises from I have not yet discovered: some horror of the past no doubt: but I think it a great pitch to a book when it makes one

The Hon
Harold Nicolson
M.P.

Long Barn
Weald
Sevenoaks
Kent

So glad to find from dear Bloomsbury playing its
games in its corner - a little collapse popping in
for one moment. You must write another -
another, & for Southern Lake, send them to the
Wolves.

I hope we shall meet tomorrow.
Tell Vita I tried to buy a pair of
shoes to dignify the occasion,
but my heart failed me.

NYPL

Yours ever
Virginia Woolf
(in great haste, but also in
great delight)

Monks House
Rodmell.

Tuesday.

Dear Harold,

Yes, the flattery was delicious, & subtle, charming, & certainly would have been effective, had I not already written to the Tribune & said I would do your book. But I'm rather nervous. You say its out on Sept 16th: you don't mean October, I suppose? If it is Sept: I am afraid they may have done it already. However they are proving so incompetent, that I'm taking the law into my own hands. I'm ~~afraid though that I shall~~ & will do it unless they positively forbid. I'm afraid though that I shall have to mush you up, with Harriet Martineau & some general reflections, as it is to be a general review, or Commentary or whatever they call it. I am so bothered with these articles that I don't think its worth it, even for the money. One polishes off Hemingway & Wilkinson & I suppose plunges into Shelley: & I

find it difficult to get up indignation about Harriet, or even to care whether she spells her name with two ts.
Carrington, — this is sentence, because I'm not, at the moment, asking you for anything, though no doubt I soon shall — I shall be very happy to write about a real book, (I mean some People) instead of these Stuffed Americans.

Love to Vita: whom I shall soon come to love, tell her. Clive's shafts dies about her go too far. I am dragged round & round the garden at Charleston listening to her praises. Not a quality, he says, is lacking.

NYPL

Yours Virginia

Leonard says if Vita would send him an itinerary he would motor us over to you, if we were asked.

Jan 1928

Tel: 2621 Museum.

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

Sunday

My dear Harold,

Would you let me know if there were anything you think I could do for Vita? I'm afraid there isn't, but if there were, nothing would give me greater happiness, as you know, a Jam perfectly free.

I'm so glad I knew Lord Sackville enough to feel his great charm & sweetness. I loved seeing him & Vita together.

With deep affection

Your Virginia

This of course is not to be answered unless I could be of use.

This refers to Mr Talbot's death

Sunday (1928) 52 Tavistock Square

My dear Harold, (Nicolson)

Would you let me know if there were anything you think I could do for Vita ? I am afraid there isn't, but if there were, nothing would give me greater happiness, as you know, and I am perfectly free.

I am so glad I knew Lord Sackville enough to feel his great charm and sweetness. I loved seeing him and Vita together.

With deep affection

Yours

Virginia

This of course is not to be answered unless I could be of use.

52 Tavistock Sq.ᵗᵉ Feb.ʸ 4ᵗʰ 1928

W.C.1.

My dear Harold,

You have probably long ago forgotten a delightful letter you wrote me. But I have not, & have at last found a Copy of the Light house & sent it to the Embassy in case your Editor still wants it. The Germans are apt to be very effusive & very ineffective about translating a writing, but I think Mrs Dalloway will run offhear in German, & any notice is likely to be to my Lord. I'm delighted — this is the kind of way literary people talk — that some people is triumphing in America, & it's like me you offers are so fabulous a kind that you blush to think of them. You will soon be asked to write for Woman's new paper, which comes out in May, & then for Miss Todd's new paper, which also comes out in May. A great deal of caballing is going on with Todd, Raymond & Francis. Do you know that rather alarming woman? — she reminds me of an extinct monster pushing through the mud: in my direction. We are

all also a good deal accepted amused, what is not impertinent, by the Foreign office affair, & asking if Lytton Sues to France, will you come back here? I hope so.

There are names of books for you to write. & directly I am allowed a copy, I'm going to read Nicolson's Biography.

I saw Vita a day or two ago. She seemed to me given to much talk. & working hard, which I'm delighted of. by. I am sure it's the main stay of life— an old fashioned view. but none the less true.

Leonard love

Your Virginia

Then of course we are also discussing Raymond & Valerie: & Clive is making the whole quarter ring with his descriptions of the legs of German women. But you'll have heard all this.

NYPL

52 Tavistock Sqre
W.C.

7th Oct
1918

My dear Harold

I meant to write you a little
of thanks from Auxerre (Vita
pronounces the x but you ought to)
then I didn't; & again at Rednal;
still I didn't: now at Tavistock I
will — though Clive with his bursting
in & articulate precludes a forthright
flow. We met we shall have
the whole world to discuss

But I was going to thank you
for having married Vita; & so
produced this charming &
indeed inimitable mixture — But I

want describe her. I've written quite
Enough about her & forgot all wrong
too. (Yes - I'm very nervous about
Thursday (Orlando - I'm sending
You a copy: but be silent; I shant
Expect either thanks or praise).
Anyhow we had a perfect week, &
I never laughed so much in my
life, & talked so much. It went
like a flash. Vita was an
NYPL
angel to me - looked at frames, paid
bills, spoke perfect French,
indulged me in every humour,
was perpetually sweet tempered,
Evidently entertaining, looked
Lovely; shared at every turn
the most generous & magnanimous

nature, even when there was only an
old jug in the W.C. & she
had lost her keys & — in short,
drown the greatest fun. Only
I wish she were not so humble.
Her perfect nonsense that she
should thank so lowly of her gifts &
works. I can't persuade her that
the nimbleness of Raymond, that
we say, the brilliance of Clive, &
the incorrigible vanity of
Virginia are all qualities we
should be better without. I
wish she would take up her
poem again. I wish that Old
Mr-devil (if you ask & care me
for calling her so) would cease
to poison the air of this Where.
& Here above or below, I don't mind which.

I speak with some feeling, because I have
just had a long letter from her — Lady
Jackville I mean — somehow mercenary
& unpleasant, though friendly on the
surface, asking for a copy of Orlando &
"a small cheque or postal order" to her
address. What am I to do? If the habit
spreads to Vita, I would have
stumped up £5 with pleasure: as it
is, I feel scratch: I feel she is base &
avaricious: I want to wring her neck.

NYPL

I'm glad you are now coming back.
This is purely unselfish: I mean
this sincerely. That I think Vita is
not happy without you. The
Keltys are at Long Barn, & her
only Valerie who will talk about
love incessantly, & Mrs le Bosquet
who will probably wear mauve
the same subject. No answer I
suppose needed to this. Yours

Virginia